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THE CALL OF THE FLAG

By

OLIVER P. PARKER

The Call of the Flag

By Oliver P. Parker

Author of

The Winning of Latane
Better Than Gold
The Valedictory
Lone Star
Etc

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The Call of the Flag

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. CAPELL—Wealthy owner of Meadow Stream.
GILBERT CAPELL—His son.
EVELYN CAPELL—His daughter.
DAVID BOURNE—Manager of Meadow Stream.
MRS. BOURNE—His mother.
PERCY ALBAN—Wealthy and weak.
ADELLE ALBAN—His sister.
THEDA ROSEMON, NELLE RAGSDALE, DORRIS JOHNSTON } Of the Loyalty Club.
—Of the Loyalty Club.
CAPT. ROSS—Of the Guards.
JOHNIE—With a dog to sell.
GEN'L WOODSON—Ranking Officer.
REMUS—A friend to David and Evelyn.
MISS WALLACE—A nurse.

ACT I.

SCENE—Parlor, plain but neat.

STAGE SETTING—Three chairs, small table in center back. Doors R. and L. Such other furnishings as convenient to give scene the effect of a comfortable home.

(For make-up see individual parts, which are furnished free with Copyright License.)

Remus—(L. To Mrs. Bourne, seated center with needlework.) Miss Mary, Mr. Gilbert Capell an' er 'oman am at de do.

Mrs. B.—Find David and tell him he has company.

Remus—(Going L.) Yassam, yassam. (Ex. L.)

Mrs. B.—(Door R.) Good morning, Mr. Capell. Come in.

Gilbert—(R. with Adelle.) Now there is that MISTER again. You must call me Gilbert, Mrs. Bourne.

Mrs. B.—I won't forget any more. (To Adelle.) Good morning.

Gilbert—I beg pardon, Mrs. Bourne, this is Miss Alban—Percy Alban's sister.

Mrs. B.—I am glad to meet you, dear.

Adelle—And I am glad to meet you. I have heard so much about you and your son since I came out to Meadow Stream that I had a great curiosity to see you.

Mrs. B.—I am glad you had enough curiosity to bring you over to see us.

Gilbert—I have good news for David. The War Department has granted us permission to organize the Peace Training camp we have been planning.

Adelle—Gilbert is buggy on PREPAREDNESS.

Gilbert—I am afraid, Miss Alban, that you do not make a very fine distinction between bugs and bravery.

Adelle—I fail to see where the bravery comes in. What is the sense in a capable young man like yourself getting out and training men to be mere soldiers?

Gilbert—You forget I am a West Pointer. Besides, I am an American all the way through.

Adelle—O, you are making a mountain out of a wart. Don't you think so, Mrs. Bourne

Mrs. B.—Now, this is yours and Gilbert's war. You must fight it out. I will referee.

Adelle—I guess that is what you call neutrality. But, really now, won't you say he is crossing the bridge before he comes to it?

Mrs. B.—My housekeeping experience has taught me that the best time to fill and trim the lamps is early in the morning.

David—(L.) Hello, Gilbert. (Mrs. B. and Adelle converse.)

Gilbert—Hello, old scout. I just ran in to tell you the training camp is a go. I have in my pocket authority to proceed.

David—Then let's proceed. (Nods towards Adelle.) By first meeting the lady.

Gilbert—Sure, old bachelor. I am glad to see you getting interested in the fair sex. But I warn you to expect no sympathy from her. (Takes D.'s arm.)

David—Even so. Our first enemy is a fair one. To the charge. (They go R.)

Gilbert—Miss Alban, this is my friend, David Bourne.

David—(Advances and shakes hands.) How do you do, Miss Alban. I am glad to meet you.

Adelle—I am glad to meet you. I need help.

David—I am a soldier. Command me.

Adelle—Then tell Mr. Capell he is crazy.

David—I am not prepared to do that.

Adelle—Not PREPARED! Will I never hear the last of that?

David—Not in America, Miss Alban.

Gilbert—Ha, ha. You are in the minority. Why don't you surrender?

Adelle—I do—for the present; for I realize I am not, ah, READY to meet you.

David—Then being ready counts for something.

Adelle—Yes, when one is in the enemy's country.

Gilbert—Then it is too late.

Mrs. B.—Would you like to see my flowers?

Adelle—Anything is preferable to this War Party.

Gilbert—(Teasing.) Run along, little girl, and enjoy the flowers. We will go ahead with our plans for keeping them beautiful. (A. goes L. with Mrs. B.)

Adelle—Do that, and I will forgive you. (Ex. L.)

David—By George! She is not altogether hopeless.

Gilbert—If she is, she comes by it honestly. (Sits L.)

David—(Sits R.) Comes by what honestly?

Gilbert—A big wide streak of bright yellow. It is the sap in her boasted family tree.

David—Her brother will be with us, won't he?

Gilbert—Not if he can find something easier to do.

David—I have been counting him in.

Gilbert—Never count on Percy Alban for anything unless it shows him a personal profit.

David—I am sorry to hear you say that. Tell me more about what you have done.

Gilbert—O, everything is going swimmingly. Dad has just returned from Washington with the approval of the War Department. We are to organize two companies of cavalry. You will be captain of one of them, and I will try the other one. The government will furnish us everything we need from tooth picks to air craft—but we furnish our own horses.

David—That is fine, Gilbert. Let's call ourselves "THE MEADOW STREAM GUARDS."

Gilbert—That is a fine idea. And it will please dad very much. He regards the work as helpful, praiseworthy, and above all patriotic, and is willing to do anything he can for us. And now, David, I want you to use your influence with him and get us a good drill ground.

David—I have been thinking of meadow No. 9.

Gilbert—That is a good place, but O, you golf links and polo grounds. Nothing like them in the whole country—club house, stables and everything just ready to begin work.

David—Why, Gilbert, they are the pride of Meadow Stream, and your father's chief delight. Do you think it reasonable to ask him to make such a sacrifice? Some other place will be good enough for us.

Gilbert—Nothing is too good for a soldier, old chap. Besides we won't destroy them. Father may object, but if you will assist me we can bring him around.

David—I don't see how I could ask him to do that.

Gilbert—But you must. Father has great confidence in you, and always lets you do as you please.

David—That is because I always please to protect his interests. And if I go now and ask him for the apple of his eye he will distrust me.

Gilbert—O, no he won't. He will know that I made you do it, and it will be all right. We are not reserving anything. Why should he?

David—I think you are the one to make the request. You are his son. I am but the farm manager.

Gilbert—I want you to forever cut that out, Dave. If you are the friend to me that I want you to be there is no room for such distinctions. You can get anything my father has.

David—I am your friend. I am proud to be. And I appreciate your father's regard, but I insist on holding it as I have won it—by trying to conserve the interests he intrusts to me.

Gilbert—You have no compunctions about training there, provided I get the grounds, have you?

David—O, certainly not. I would be delighted.

Gilbert—And you won't line up against me?

David—Not unless—

Gilbert—Not unless anything. Now if you won't help, don't you hinder.

Remus—(R.) Mawnin, Mister Gilbert. Pawdon me, sah.

Gilbert—Pardon you for what?

Remus—Fur tellin yer dat oman in de garden wants yer ter take her hum.

Gilbert—That is unpardonable, Remus.

Remus—(Turning R.) Any other message, sah?

Gilbert—Message, nothing! Don't you tell her that.

David—(Laughing.) I will give you half a dollar to tell her what he said.

Remus—I got er bid uv fo bits, Mister Gilbert.

Gilbert—I will make it a dollar not to tell her.

Remus—Kin yer raise jes once mo, Massar David?

David—Yes, I will go another half.

Remus—Goin, goin, goin. Las chance. All done!

Gilbert—I am forced to make it two dollars.

Remus—No yer aint, Mister Gilbert. Yer kin make her five, en never feel hit.

Gilbert—Not and get my money's worth.

Remus—I thut so. Two, en ergin yer, Massar David. Is yer gwine ter quit? Fair warin! En sold ter Mister Gilbert fur two dollars. (Holds out hand.)

Gilbert—(Pays him.) There, you old grafter.

Remus—Thank yer, sah. Now I'll tell her.

Gilbert—What are you going to say?

Remus—(Chin up.) Dat Mister Gilbert regrets ter keep Miss Albans waitin in de garden, but dat IMPORTANT matters must come fust—or words to dat effec. Aint dat wuf two dollars?

Gilbert—It ought to be. It would cost your life.

Remus—Den I wont tell her dat. I'll jes say you's havin trouble wid de motor, en hopes ter be ready for her in erbout fifteen minutes. (Starts right and turns.) Aint dat er big ernuf lie fur two dollars? (Starts and turns again.) Ef dat aint perjury nuf, I mought go er leetle fudder en say, you'se sorry ter keep her waitin. (Flinches when door open at his back.) Good mawnin, sah.

Mr. C.—(R.) Good morning, Remus. (Gives hat and cane.) Good morning, David. (Ex. Remus R. Boys are standing.)

David—Good morning, Mr. Capell. Have a seat.

Mr. C.—(Sitting.) Well, David, I suppose Gilbert has given you my good news.

David—Yes, sir. It was good of you to assist us.

Gilbert—Dad don't do anything by halves, Dave. When he starts a thing he sees it through in fine shape. (Behind hand to D.) Jump on him for the links.

Mr. C.—A thing that isn't worth doing well should never be undertaken, my boy. Isn't that right, David?

David—I am sure it is, sir.

Gilbert—Yes, indeed, it is. (Winks at David.)

Mr. C.—I am glad to see that you two agree on that point. I want you to let it be your motto in this matter of a Training Camp. I gave you a great boost before the President,

and he is expecting great things from you. If you should fail to make good it would be very embarrassing to me. But you are not going to fail. No sensible man will criticise you, and if you are never needed in the regular service you will have the benefit of the training and the satisfaction of being ready. Personally I like the idea very much, and think the country is in great need of just such a spirit of patriotism. I am glad to take stock with you and do all I can to make your venture a success. You may call on me freely.

Gilbert—Thanks, dad. We won't hesitate to call on you. The first thing on the list is a good place for the training. We want the golf links and polo grounds.

Mr. C.—THE GOLF LINKS! Holy smoke, son; why didn't you make it the flower garden?

Gilbert—We didn't want you to make a sacrifice.

Mr. C.—I see you didn't. O, surely you are joking. I have the finest golf links in the world. David isn't there another place that would be as good?

Gilbert—Now, dad, you know David is not going to insist on you giving us the links. But I am. If we are to set the example for the whole nation we deserve the best place for it.

Mr. C.—But, Gilbert, the President of the United States plays golf on my links. What will he do when he comes out for a few days of golf and finds the links cut up with cavalry horses?

Gilbert—Well, I will tell you, dad, how I feel about that. If he wouldn't be better pleased to see our cavalry training on those links, than he would to chase a little old golf ball, he is not much of a President, and you wouldn't lose very much if he quit coming to see you. If you will turn that place over to us, with the club house and stable, we will soon have not only the eyes of the President on those links, but the eyes of the nation as well. Won't we, Dave?

David—We will make an effort to do that.

Mr. C.—(To D.) So you think that the best place.

David—It is an ideal place, Mr. Capell, but I realize it is asking a great deal of you.

Gilbert—Just picture it in your mind, dad. A big bright American flag floating from the flag pole—the rolling golf links and polo grounds resounding with the clatter of trained horses' feet. Why you will be prouder of it than anything you ever had on these wide acres.

Mr. C.—Now, son, you let David talk some.

Gilbert—David is too modest to ask for what he wants. O, come on, dad, and be a good sport. Just think of the press reports—"Benjamin Capell, the father of PREPAREDNESS, donates his famous Meadow Stream Golf Links and polo grounds for a training camp." Won't that be worth it all?

Mr. C.—Now you are appealing to my vanity.

Gilbert—Indeed, no. I appeal to your PATRIOTISM.

Mr. C.—Well, boys, I love my golf links, but I love my country more. Preachments without action is very poor patriotism. (Rises.) I will give you the grounds and agree to pay every working man who may join you his regular wages for the time he trains, provided you will promise to let

each and every man—including yourselves—stand and advance on his merit.

Gilbert—We accept the conditions.

David—And are many times obliged to you.

Mr. C.—Not at all, boys; not at all. I am glad to help you in a matter which may, and I believe will, be a great blessing to you and your children.

Remus—(R.) Scuse me, Massar David, but Henery wants ter know whar ter put dem hosses whats jes cum.

David—Tell him to give them water and wait until I come. (To Mr. C.) It is the new percherons. Would you like to look them over?

Mr. C.—O, yes, that thousand dollar pair. Sure I want to see them. (Ex. R.)

David—I think you will find them worth the money. (Going R.) Won't you come along, Gilbert? (Ex. R.)

Gilbert—Yes. I like to look at a good horse.

Adelle—(L. with Mrs. B.) Is the motor repaired?

Gilbert—What motor? O, yes, yes, yes. If you are ready we will go.

Adelle—Good-bye, Mrs. Bourne.

Mrs. B.—Good-bye. I hope to see you again soon.

Gilbert—Good-bye. I will be back on the first excuse.

Mrs. B.—You do not need an excuse, Gilbert.

Gilbert—Thank you. I know it. (Ex. R. with A.)

Remus—(R.) Miss Mary ef dat brudder er hern done tune up no better den she do, I done see how Miss Evelyn kin lack him better 'n she do Massar David.

Mrs. B.—(Sitting and taking up work.) Remus, don't let me speak to you again about meddling in Miss Evelyn's affairs. She and David are good friends, and that is all they can ever be.

Remus—Yassam, yassam. I begs yo powdon, Miss Mary. But de udder day I was out en I see Miss Evelyn an dis Albans man out ridin. She wus leadin him by bout er mile, an he was riding jes lack er monkey at er circus. En I says ter ma-sef, ef he cain't keep up no better'n dat, whut she want ter marry 'm fur?

Mrs. B.—You are doing what I said you must not do.

Remus—Yassam, yassam, Miss Mary. But yer jes ort ter see Massar David ridin wid her. Fas or slow, he rat dar by her side. En she sho duse seem powerful pleased wid life, too. (Looks out R.) Yonder she cum now wid dat FI-AS-CO er hern.

Mrs. B.—With what?

Remus—FI-AS-CO. Aint dat whut yer call dem fellers whut done closed de deal?

Mrs. B.—(Laughs.) O, you mean fiance.

Remus—Wall, now, Miss Mary. I may er had de wrong fluctuation on dat word, but I knowed better. Now look Massar David done come up, en dat finance man done pay him no mind. But she do. She talkin rat straight at 'm.

Mrs. B.—You silly old negro. She is giving him orders from her father. Can't you get it into your head that David is subjct to her father's orders?

Remus—Yessam, yassam, Miss Mary. I'se familiar wid dat fac, but yer cain't fool me, she gibs dem orders pleasurably. En she nebber gibs dem ter nobody cept'n Massar David hesef. Ef he not heah she goes out en looks fur 'm. En ef she done fine 'm she takes dem order back hum wid her. She am comin.

Mrs. B.—Remember, Remus, none of your foolishness.

Evelyn—(R.) Good morning, Mrs. Bourne.

Mrs. B.—Come right in. Glad to see you out so early this morning. Where is Mr. Alban?

Evelyn—He went on down to the club for breakfast. I have had him out since sunrise without a bite, and the poor fellow is about to cave in.

Mrs. B.—And you shall have a bite, too.

Evelyn—O, no, Mrs. Bourne. Please do not go to that trouble.

Mrs. B.—It is no trouble at all, dear. David's breakfast is waiting. I will divide it with you.

Evelyn—But that isn't fair to David.

Remus—He won't keer, Miss Evelyn.

Evelyn—I am sure he won't. All right, then, I will be honest and confess I am glad of the chance at half of David's breakfast. When I am in the country there is nothing quite so splendid as a canter in the sweet morning air, then some of your good bacon and eggs, hot waffles, honey and sweet milk.

Mrs. B.—That is the bill this morning, and it will be served in just a few minutes. (Goes L.)

Evelyn—And here are some birds I shot yesterday.

Mrs. B.—O, thank you, so much. There is nothing David likes better, unless it is to shoot them. (Ex. L.)

Remus—In some respects you an Massar David am powerful alike.

Evelyn—What are some of them?

Remus—Wall, yer kin ride er hoss lack he kin.

Evelyn—O, thank you.

Remus—En you kin play golf en polo lack he kin.

Evelyn—Do you think so?

Remus—En yer kin shoot birds lack he kin.

Evelyn—Better, you mean.

Remus—Yassam, yassam. En yer loves de urly mawnin when de sun am shootin his salute rays at de cloud ships as dey passes fum night to nowhere.

Evelyn—Where did you get that description?

Remus—Fum Massar David. He got er lot er dat sort er dope whut he practices on me.

Evelyn—He need not be so stingy with it. I like that sort of phraseology myself.

Remus—All yer got ter do, ah, ah, what did you call dat whut I jes said?

Evelyn—Phraseology.

Remus—Dats right. I jes wanted ter see ef yer cul two time dat big word. Well, ef yer lacks dat frazemcology all yer got ter do is ter encourage him jes er leetle. He thinks

jes case you is rich he caint tell yer de whole truf, lack dat Mr. Albans kin.

Evelyn—Mr. Alban never saw a sunrise.

Remus—(Quickly.) Massar David have seen erbout five thousand.

Evelyn—Let me see—there are three hundred sixty-five sunrises in a year—Why, Remus, that would make him but thirteen years old.

Remus—Yassam, yassam. But yer musn't fergit dat at least half er Massar David's life ain't had no sunshine, ertall.

Evelyn—Tell me, Remus, was it a sweetheart of his that caused those shadows in his life?

Remus—No, indeed. Youse got er clear field.

Johnie—(R.) I want to see the fellow what owns them fine dogs out yonder.

Remus—Deys Miss Capell's dawgs, en dar she am.

Johnie—I seen them good lookin dogs, Miss, and I thought maybe you'd like to buy another one. My dog is a heap finer lookin than either of yours, and I will sell him cheap.

Evelyn—What kind of a dog have you?

Johnie—He's a high bred dog.

Evelyn—What is his breedng?

Johnie—Why, er, er, jes like any other dog.

Evelyn—Well, then, is he a bird dog, a rabbit dog, a coon dog, a deer dog, or a bear dog?

Johnie—He goes all the gates, Miss, and I will take ten dollars fur him.

Evelyn—Where is this dog?

Johnie—He is at the door. Want to see him?

Evelyn—Remus, bring him in, please.

Remus—Now, Miss Evelyn, ef he all de dawg dat boy say he am, I'd ruther not BRING him in, en' ef yer don't mind, I'll jes LEAD him in. (Ex R.)

Evelyn—Where did you get this dog?

Johnie—From some gipsies; and his name is Nomad.

Evelyn—Is he a good hunter?

Johnie—He has to be. He gets his livin that way.

Remus—(R. Leading fine bird dog.) Dis am a good looker, Miss Evelyn. (Hands her the lead.)

Evelyn—Indeed, he is. Will he retrieve?

Johnie—Yes, Miss. He TREED jes erwhile ago.

Evelyn—How did he do when he treed, as you call it?

Johnie—Why he just jumped round en barked.

Evelyn—And then?

Johnie—A rabbit jumped up, and, believe me, he had to do some runnin'. He's got the speed all right.

Evelyn—Yes. Does he break shot?

Johnie—The purtiest you ever saw, lady. If you shoot at a bird and fail to bring him down, that dog won't let him hit the ground in fifteen minutes.

Evelyn—How is he on backing?

Johnie—I ain't seen no dog in front of him yet.

Evelyn—Is he staunch?

Johnie—I don't get you.

Evelyn—I mean is he nervous or steady?

Johnie—Well, I would call him steady, except on a real cold day he may shiver just a bit.

Evelyn—(Laughs.) I shan't blame him for that.

Remus—Lemme ax him er question, Miss Evelyn.

Evelyn—Very well.

Remus—Now tell me who trained dis dawg.

Johnie—I trained him myself.

Remus—I thut so. (To Evelyn.) Dat's all.

Evelyn—Either you do not know anything about a bird dog, or you know this one is worthless. But I am going to take a shot at him anyway. Tie him up, Remus.

Remus—(Going R.) En I specks uer'l take ernudder shot at 'm de fust time he tries dat keepin er bird in de air fifteen minutes on yer. (Ex. R.)

David—(R. Turns to look at dog.)

Evelyn—Well, how do you like my new dog?

David—If he is as good as he looks he is an exceptional dog. But I bet he won't be in it with Pride and Vanity. (Crossing to L. C.)

Evelyn—O, you say that because you trained Pride and Vanity. And from what the boy says of this dog, you will have to give him a few lessons.

David—I will gladly do so. Leave him with me and I will do the best I can with him.

Evelyn—You must give him good treatment; for he cost me the big sum of ten dollars. And, by the way, I haven't paid for him yet. Will you favor me with a loan of that amount?

David—(Taking bill from wallet.) Certainly. And I congratulate you on the bargain.

Evelyn—Thank you. Here, young man. If the dog turns out to be a good one, I shall make you a present of a nice little gun.

Johnie—Thank you, Miss. (Ex. R.)

David—Did you have a good hunt yesterday?

Evelyn—Well, yes, in a way. Mr. Alban does not love the fields as you and I do, and of course he doesn't make a very good hunting companion. I wished for you more than once.

David—That makes up for my having to stay at home. How many birds did you and Mr. Alban get?

Evelyn—I got eleven. Mr. Alban none.

David—O, he just let you beat him. I have an idea that he is a good shot.

Evelyn—Good shot! Why, he couldn't hit a flock of campaign hats. Yesterday he gave out on me before 9 o'clock and wanted to come in, but I refused to let him spoil my hunt, and as he did not know the way home he was forced to stay with me. And, O, let me tell you what happened. Away back on the extreme west of our land Vanity found a covey with at least twenty in it. I tried to turn them back on Meadow Stream, but they went over on Mr. Ragsdale's place.

David—And because he does not permit hunting you lost some very fine shooting.

Evelyn—Not much. I debated the matter a bit and decided they were my birds just visiting on his land. Percy thought it was too dangerous and refused to go with me. He hid behind the hedge. So I crossed over and went after them—looking both ways for Mr. Ragsdale. I found them in some stubble on the bank of the river. The first one up went straight away. BANG! Missed. And say, David, if ever a gunshot was as loud as thunder that was it. I thought Mr. Ragsdale would get me sure. But I went over to Vanity's point and let up two more. BANG! BANG! And not a feather.

David—I thought you always got feathers.

Evelyn—O, that is when I am trying to beat you. When I am out by myself I am more honest. Then I braced up and said, poacher or no poacher, the next one is mine. Right out from under my feet went two. They circled over the river just in time to fall into it. Then another met the same fate.

David—Now for the next one.

Evelyn—Alas! There wasn't any next one. I got a shell hung in my gun and the birds seemed to know it; for they flushed wild on every hand. I stood there trying to extract the shell, when PRESTO!

David—There stood Mr. Ragsdale, mad as blazes. What did he say?

Evelyn—(Imitating a man.) "Look a-here, young lady. Didn't you know I don't allow no shoot-tin in here?"

David—Why didn't you say you followed those birds out of your own field.

Evelyn—The first thing that flashed into my mind was a little story, and I let him have it. I said, "Er, er, I didn't suppose you would care if I shot a few of these RABBITS."

David—Great Scotts!

Evelyn—And you should have seen the change that came over him. He smiled like a father and said, "Now, I beg yore pardon. You are doin' me a great favor. These rabbits are ruinin' my trees. I hope you kill a thousand.

David—What did he think of those liver and white pointers you had with you.

Evelyn—That is where the joke comes in. He had not seen them. They were in the river after the birds I had shot. But just when he was about to turn away they appeared—each with one of his big fat quails in his mouth. They went straight up to him and sat down to deliver the birds, then, seeing their mistake, wheeled and looked for me. I cannot account for them going to him unless they thought it was you.

David—Really now, do I look that much like him?

Evelyn—Well, now David, a bird dog, with his eyes full of weed seeds, MIGHT make such a mistake—especially when they love you as my dogs do. I wish it had been you; for he stood there looking me straight in the eye, and I thought he was debating whether he would tell me I was a liar, or throw me in the river. I never said a word, but just took the birds and stood there smoothing their feathers, waiting for the storm to break. Then he cleared his throat, and I jumped over one of the dogs. This seemed to be just the right thing

to do; for he smiled and said, "If I ain't mistaken, you are Benjamin Capell's daughter, ain't you?" I said I was, and that daddy would pay him for any damages. "O, that is all right," he said. "You just go ahead and shoot all the RABBITS you want to—but I must insist that you tie up these dogs. They are ketchin all my quail."

David—If old man Ragsdale is that sort of a chap, I am glad I resemble him.

Evelyn—O, by the way, I have news for you.

David—Good or bad?

Evelyn—Good for me, and bad for you.

David—How is that?

Evelyn—I am to have half of your breakfast.

David—That is not bad news. When do I have that pleasure?

Evelyn—Just as soon as it is announced.

Remus—(L.) Miss Mary say de quail on toast', hot waffles, honey en sweet milk am served.

David—QUAIL ON TOAST! What quail?

Evelyn—(Going L., followed by David.) Old man Ragsdale's quail.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—Same as Act I. One year later. Stage setting same as Act I, except a large American flag in back, concealed by small curtains.

Remus—(Seated in center, polishing a sword.) Now I think dat'l pass inspection. Youse purty en bright now, but ef dem fellers keeps on pesterin Uncle Sam I specks yer'l be all splotched up wid blood purty soon. Massar David sho do know how ter use yer, en he got de backbone ter git behind yer. En Mister Gilbert all rat, too, but, man erlive, yer jes ort ter see Miss Evelyn handle dem cavalry. She been trainin wid em de whole year, en knows all erbout it. En ef dey 'd jes let her buckle er swode on en git out in funt er dem cavalry an tell em how dey could bottle up er cyclone. I sho wus proud er her en Massar David de udder day when de President en dem big bugs fum Washington wus down ter see de sham battle. She tuck Mister Gilbert's men en fought ergin Massar David. De good Lawd ain't nebber let dis ole nigger see er grander sight den she wus when she swung dat big bunch er hosses en men roun ober dem links fur de las and final charge. She wus out in funt wavin her swode, en dat big black mar er hern wus white wid foam wid her mouf wide open. En when dey got down to de fote whut Massar David was defendin he run up er white flag en handed her his swode. Den she marched him an all er his men up to de stan whar de President wus en saluted, en said: "Sir, here am all uv de enemy, cept'n de killed en wounded." Den dat President, wid his hat in his han said somepin erbout er Maid in New Orleans, en Jonah in de ark, en er whole lot er fine stuff bout men whut wus brave, en how er oman cud lead em into anything. En den he paid his respects to dem wid er yaller streak—all de time pintin his finger rat at dat Albans man. En when it wus all ober I heard him ask Miss

Evelyn's daddy who trained dem men en hosses. Den Mister Gilbert spoke up en said David Bourne. Den de President wrote somepin in er leetle book. I tell yer, folks, Massar David BOUND ter rise.

Mrs. B.—(L.) Bring some more chairs, Remus. Miss Evelyn and her friends will meet here this afternoon to organize the Loyalty Club.

Remus—Whut am dat fur, Miss Mary?

Mrs. B.—The angry war clouds are gathering and she is getting ready to meet the conditions that may arise.

Remus—(Going L.) She'l meet em all rat. (Meets David and hands him sword.) Am dat all rat?

David—That is very nice. (Snaps sword on.)

Mrs. B.—What is the latest news, David.

David—The President is doing everything in his power to avert war, and we must hope he may succeed; but the tension is great and may break any time.

Mrs. B.—O, I hope it can be settled peaceably.

David—So do I, mother. (Crosses and faces from R.) But the American conscience is smarting under the indignities that have ben heaped upon us; and if it comes to the proposition that we must sacrifice so much as a single ripple of Old Glory in order merely to maintain an ignoble peace and make a few more dollars, I feel certain there can be no peace until the sacred principles of our hero fathers are again transcribed in blood.

Evelyn—(L., followed by Percy.) BRAVO! BRAVO! That was a splendid speech, David, and I am sure it was an honest expression of an honest heart.

David—(Turning and smiling.) If it was not, it is now. Good morning, Mr. Alban.

Percy—Howdy, Bourne.

Evelyn—Gilbert has some important news from Washington, and requests you to come to the drill ground immediately. My car is waiting to take you down.

David—Thank you. Mother, that may mean that we are under orders, and if so, I will spend the night with the men.

Mrs. B.—(Going R.) Come by my room before you go.

David—Yes, mother. (Ex. Mrs. B. R.) Mr. Alban, would you care to drive down and see the cavalry do some real war practice?

Percy—Now, my dear fellow, that sort of rot is a dreadful bore to me, don't-you-know. I prefer to remain with the ladies. Moreover, I can't afford to lend my presence to a thing that would cause me a financial loss. I am for peace at any price.

David—That is my position exactly, Mr. Alban, except that I am willing to pay the price. (Ex. R.)

Evelyn—Percy, if I were a real live patriotic man like David, I am afraid I would call you a coward.

Percy—Really? (Remus L. with rosebud.)

Remus—Ain't dat er beauty, Miss Evelyn?

Evelyn—It is beautiful. A bud on the verge of rosehood. It is lovely.

Remus—Yassam. Dat's de way I felt erbout it, but I didn't know how ter say it. I'se been savin her jes specially fer you. (Offers it.)

Evelyn—For me! This is good of you, Remus. Thank you ever so much. (Smells it and places to Percy's nose.) O, Percy, isn't it just lovely?

Remus—(Aside.) Now dat spiles hit all.

Percy—Where is mine, old man?

Remus—Yore's ain't bloomed yit. (Examines hand.)

Evelyn—What is the matter with your hand?

Remus—Dat rose scratched de fiah outen me. Ebry time I goes fumblin' round em I gits stuck. Why done dey invent er rose widout dem stickers?

Evelyn—It takes the thorns to make the roses sweet. You see, Remus, it is this way: When God made the rose so beautiful He knew every hand would wish to pluck it. So He placed the thorns there for its protection.

Remus—Dat soun's lack did preparedness whut Massar David been wukin on fur de las year. Done it?

Evelyn—That is it exactly. And today he stands as a thorn ready to prick the ruthless hands that desire to shatter the fair red rose of liberty.

Remus—Whut you gwine ter do ef dey is called?

Evelyn—I shall be dreadfully lonely.

Percy—O, I say, dear, you will have me.

Remus—Ain't yer gwine wid em?

Percy—I should say not. Let the menials and unemployed do the fighting. The peace zone for me.

Remus—You better not tell Massar David dat.

Percy—What do you mean by that, old man?

Remus—Jes whut I said. Dat ef yer tells Massar David dat nobody but MEMIUMS goes ter war, you'l find yosef straddle er de WAR ZONE rat now.

Evelyn—(Looking R.) The girls are coming. Remus take their horses, please.

Remus—Yassam, yassam, Miss Evelyn. (Ex. R.)

Evelyn—Now, Percy, we wish to organize our club.

Percy—Is that a hint for me to go?

Evelyn—Well, not exactly, but since you did not care to join the guards I did not suppose you would care to join us.

Percy—Evelyn, I wish you would not waste so much of your time on all this rot. It is robbing me of my pleasure, and that isn't fair. Besides, you are neglecting your social duties. I am afraid if you are not more careful our set will laugh at you.

Evelyn—What are my social duties compared with my duty to these brave men who are willing to risk their lives for me? You call it rot—I call it quite a different thing. Let my silly social set laugh, if they feel like it. It won't change my plans in the least.

Percy—Why don't you organize this club in your set?

Evelyn—For the simple reason that they do laugh at it.

Percy—And these simple country girls do not.

Evelyn—I resent the insinuation that these girls are not all that is good and noble. And I want you to understand

that I am casting my lot with them unreservedly. Anything that interferes must wait.

Percy—Meaning our marriage, of course? O, come now, Evelyn, you know I could not afford to have my wife carrying the burden of the War Department on her shoulders, don't-you-know.

Evelyn—(Laughs.) Now, you are foolish.

Percy—No, I am not. You seem to think the country is going to the demnition bow-wows. What if it should? My wealth is secure and we can live in luxury.

Evelyn—I have great wealth, too, Percy, but all I have and all you have, without the underlying consciousness of having done what I knew to be right, could not make me happy.

Percy—O, what a preachment! I should expect such stuff as that from someone who had everything to gain and nothing to lose—Some fellow like Bourne, don't-you-know.

Evelyn—Mr. Bourne has a clean life and noble heart to lose, and he values them far more than your stocks and bonds, but less than he does his sense of duty.
I have the highest regard for him.

Percy—I am beginning to think so. You seem to enjoy his company more than any one's else. If he is such a fine fellow I shall cultivate him.

Evelyn—I advise you to do just that. It will help you, as it has me, to a higher conception of the important things of life.

Percy—Bah Jove! Now I see why you have been neglecting me for Bourne. I suppose I should recognize him as a rival and treat him as such.

Evelyn—You are at liberty to draw your own conclusions, but please do not complain.

Percy—O, I wasn't complaining, dear. I was just getting scared. Here come the girls. There are some good-lookers in the bunch. May I stay and meet them?

Evelyn—Certainly. I want you to. (Enter R. Dorris, Nell and Theda.) Good afternoon, girls. I am glad to see you. This is my friend, Mr. Alban, Miss Johnston.

Dorris—(Advancing to meet him, affably and hand extended in good form.) I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Alban.

Percy—(Taking her hand.) Glad to hear you say so.

Evelyn—Miss Ragsdale.

Nelle—(Same.) Why, how do you do, Mr. Alban. I have heard my father speak of you.

Percy—Your father! I do not know him.

Nelle—Weren't you with Miss Capell the day he complained about her shooting his birds?

Percy—O, and he's your father! I didn't think he saw me.

Dorris—You hid behind the hedge, didn't you?

Percy—Did I? Well, I believe in safety first.

Evelyn—And this is Miss Rosemon.

Theda—(Same.) Pleased to meet you.

Percy—I am glad to know you, Miss Rosemon. Have I been shooting any of your birds?

Theda—If not, I invite you to do so.

Evelyn—(Going L.) If he has, Theda, you have none the less birds; for he has yet to draw his first feather. (All laugh.) I will find Mrs. Bourne. (Ex. L.)

Nell—Are you not a good shot, Mr. Alban? (All sit.)

Percy—Well, ah, not with a gun, girls, but I am about as good as anybody with a billiard cue.

Dorris—They do not use billiard cues in war, do they?

Percy—They will be when I go to war, girls.

Nelle—Are you not a member of the Guards?

Percy—Not guilty, I assure you.

Theda—You don't mean that you think it is an unworthy organization, I hope.

Percy—O, not exactly that. It is all right, I suppose, for those who have nothing else to do.

Dorris—Do you think, Mr. Alban, that a man has anything to do that is more important than the honor and safety of his country?

Percy—I think he should first take care of himself. Really, girls, I am having too good a time to think of war. I would rather pay some poor fellow to do my fighting.

Nelle—Under that standard you may gain many pleasures, Mr. Alban, but not very much respect.

Theda—(Pleasantly.) I think I shall send you an enlarged copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Dorris—And as my contribution to the praiseworthy work of saving your self-respect, I shall send you a copy of the Star-Spangled Banner.

Percy—(Rising.) This is very interesting, girls, and I would enjoy more of it; but I have an engagement and must leave you. (At door R.) I hope it won't be long until each of you has a real live soldier boy for your very own. (Exit quickly R.)

Nelle—"Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,'

Theda—Who struts, an' stares, an' a' that?

Dorris—Tho hundreds worship at his word,

Nelle—He's but a cuif for a' that.

Theda—For a' that, an' a' that,

Dorris—The man o' independent mind,

Nelle—He looks and laughs at a' that."

Theda—How on earth can Miss Capell admire him?

Dorris—She doesn't admire, she just ENDURES him.

Nelle—(Laugh.) I think you are right, Dorris. She just endures him. Pretty much as one admires a button-hole that is a wee bit too large, and not quite large enough to be mended.

Theda—Don't worry, girls; Miss Capell will never marry a button-hole.

Dorris—Sh-h-h. She is coming. (Mrs. B. and E. L.)

Mrs. B.—Good afternoon, girls. You are all here and on time. That is nice.

Evelyn—What did you do with Percy?

Theda—He said he had an engagement.

Evelyn—That is good. He won't be in the way. Now, Mrs. Bourne, you be chairman, and tell us how to proceed. (All sit, Mrs. B. in center.)

Mrs. B.—I am glad to do anything I can to promote the happiness and comfort of the Meadow Stream Guards. First, let us understand what it is we wish to do, and then we can plan how to do it. Evelyn, we would like to know your idea as to what we should do.

Evelyn—I have but one idea, Mrs. Bourne, and I fear I should go wandering if I undertook to find words to express how that one idea is so every way filled with my love and devotion. I am ready with the best I have to do as much as possible for the soldier who is willing to defend me. (Girls applaud.)

Mrs. B.—I expected to hear you say just that, Evelyn. Now, Nelle, let us hear from you.

Nelle—If you had called on me first, Mrs. Bourne, I should have given a poor expression to my views on this matter that is very near my heart. But with the inspiration of Miss Capell's loyalty I am brave to say that the two extremes of my nature are to hate a coward and love a hero. And I hope by my loyal support to show how great those extremes are.

Mrs. B.—It is very evident that we shall not lack any loyalty. Now, Dorris.

Dorris—First let me disavow any intention of revealing my heart in pleasing words such as we have just heard. Not because it is not dedicated to the high ideals of this club, but because it is sad and loves solitude. I foresee a great struggle, and I mean to be able to feel when it shall have been won, and we enjoy again the peace we love so much, that I reserved nothing when the fight was on.

Mrs. B.—This unremitting strain of patriotism is good to hear. Now, Theda, we have saved the best for the last.

Theda—Indeed, no. Not the best, but what I have and am I commit unreservedly to the Loyalty Club, to do with as you think best in order that the world may better understand the full meaning of Old Glory, and never again dare to question her strength and purity, and her unqualified right to wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Mrs. B.—(Rising.) I am sure the Meadow Stream Guards will prove themselves worthy of the best we can give. Every mother and sister and friend of these brave boys will wish to join us in letting them know that in the homes they are fighting for there are loving hands at work to make them comfortable, and hearts as true as steel loving and praying and waiting for them. I invite you to meet with me one week from today, and thereafter to make my home the home of the club. (Enter Remus, L., with telegram.)

Remus—Miss Mary heah am a telegram whut de boy say nobody kin sign fur cep'n Massar David heself. (Enter David and Gilbert, R.) Heah he am rat now. Massar David heah am a telegram fum Washington whut yer got ter sign CAPTAIN DAVID BOURNE ter.

David—(Signing.) That sounds like war. (Reads.) "Enemy ships approaching New York. Proceed there with

all possible dispatch. Already Statue of Liberty has been shattered with a shell."

Mrs. B.—O, my boy, does that mean war?

David—Yes, mother. What else could it mean until that statue is built back again? But you must remember that you have always taught me that the bravest suffer least.

Mrs. B.—I shall try to remember that. (Turns slowly and exits L.)

David—Gilbert, how soon can we start?

Gilbert—We are ready.

David—Yes; thank heaven, we are; and I can write this answer as I would have it. (Writes hurriedly, reading) "We are IN THE SADDLE." (Hands message to Remus, who exits L.) Gilbert, please rush to the links and give the order to start in one hour.

Gilbert—Girls, my car is waiting at the door. If you wish to say good-by, I will take you with me.

Girls—(Nearly together.) Thank you so much. (Ext. Dorris, Nelle, Theda and Gilbert, R.)

Remus—(L.) Massar David, lemme go wid yer.

Evelyn—Do, David. It can easily be arranged, and if there is any expense I want to bear it.

David—That is good of you. I will arrange it if I can. (To Remus.) Saddle my horse and bring him out at once.

Remus—He am still powerful lame fum dat fall.

David—No matter. I cannot take on a green horse now.

Evelyn—Take Black Bess. She is trained and strong and swift, and may bear you out of danger.

David—You love her too dearly for me to think of seeing her butchered in the army service.

Evelyn—I do love her. That is why I give her to you. I can take your horse and love him.

Remus—Ah'l go en change em. (Ex. R.)

David—I fear I shall be embarrassed with the finest mount in the army; but I promise you I shall not let it prevent me from doing my duty.

Evelyn—I do not doubt that. (Takes off locket and goes closer.) I shall miss you, David, far more than I dare try to express. (Kisses locket and gives it.) I want you to wear this for me and never forget that my prayers and the best that is in me are with you always. (Offers hand.) Good-bye.

David—(Holding her hand.) If I never see you again I want you to know that the loftiest purpose of my life shall be to prove myself grateful for this expression of your esteem. Good-bye.

Evelyn—Good-bye, and may the good God bless you and keep you safe. (Turns R. and ex.)

David—(Looking after her, then at locket.) "I want you to wear this for me, and never forget that my prayers and the best that is in me are with you always." (Opens locket.) Her picture. O, if I could only dare believe she really cares! But I must accept it as from a true and loyal friend. (Places in pocket over heart.) It shall be my armor and shield, and I swear to bear it like a man.

Mrs. B.—(L., small Bible in hand. Places her hands on David's shoulders and looks him in face short space.) O, David, will I ever see your dear face again?

David—I hope so, mother; but if not, I know you will find comfort in the fact that I went down in defense of the flag.

Mrs. B.—There is no comfort for a mother's heart when her boy is facing death—even tho she knows it is his duty.

David—Do not think of death, mother. You must think of life, and the time when we shall return, not all of us, perhaps, but enough to bring you glad tidings of peace.

Mrs. B.—My heart is breaking, my boy, but I bid you go and show yourself a man. Here is the great standard, the Holy Bible. Let it be your standard, and may the great Captain of our souls lead you thru your duty and bring you back home again.

David—The most precious thing in all the world to me, mother, is that I can always be certain of your tender love and devotion. And remembering these, I can never be a coward. Nothing but the CALL OF THE FLAG could take me from you. It has come and I am ready to give my blood, if need be, to wash the stain from Old Glory. Good-bye. (Takes her in his arms. They should be in center of stage, close to back, while small curtains concealing flag are drawn. This should place them in relief against the flag. Bugle call "To arm" off right. Slow curtain. Orchestra or piano striking up "Star Spangled Banner." Audience may or may not take up song and sing it. If encored show Mrs. Bourne kneeling at right of flag, with David left, sword drawn over her and pointing to flag.)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—Colonel Bourne's headquarters at the front, two years later. This may be either a tent or room. The room is better. Set stage small table or desk, back center with chair behind it. Chair left. Doors R. and L. Window back.

Capt. Ross—(Seated back of table. Remus extreme R., polishing a shoe, or boot.) Well, Remus, are you glad the war is about over?

Remus—Yassar, yassar, Cap'n Ross. But I'se had er purty good time fus en las. You officers sho has been good ter me, en I gwine ter miss yer when we seprates. But er cose I'd be powerful glad ter see Miss Mary. (Gets busy with shoe.)

Capt. R.—You think a lot of Miss Mary, don't you?

Remus—She am de onliest oman in de world. En I sho is proud er Massar David, too.

Capt. R.—Why don't you call him Colonel Bourne?

Remus—Dat do soun powerful fine, en I lacks ter heah udder folks call him dat. But, somehow, hit done spress mah feelins. An I reggin ef he gits ter be president er de United States he'l jes be Massar David ter me. Is you heard fum Mister Gilbert terday?

Capt. R.—Do you mean Major Capell?

Remus—Er cose. I fergits ter put de handle to 'm.

Capt. R.—O, he is doing nicely.

Gen. Woodson—(L. Capt. R. stands at attention and salutes.) Good morning, Captain.

Capt. R.—Good morning, General Woodson.

Gen. W.—Where is Colonel Bourne?

Capt. R.—He left at sunrise with only a few men to investigate a report that a band of outlaws was operating in the vicinity of Tucon.

Gen'l W.—That is a barbarous gang. I hope he does not engage them unless he has plenty of men.

Capt. R.—Do you think I should take a squadron and go to his assistance?

Gen'l W.—(Sits L.) O, he will show up presently. The War College meets at 2 o'clock, and if he is not here then we may know that he is in serious trouble. In that case take every man in his regiment and proceed at once to Tucon.

Capt. R.—Yes, sir. How is Major Capell?

Gen'l W.—Major Capell will be here presently.

Capt. R.—I thought he was badly wounded.

Gen'l W.—This is Major Evelyn Capell.

Remus—(Jumping up.) Miss Evelyn heah!

Gen'l W.—She arrived at the hospital last night and will be here in a few minutes. Do you know her, Remus?

Remus—Deed I does. En she knows me, too.

Capt. R.—Did she come alone?

Gen'l W.—Her maid and a man came with her; but so far as the man is concerned she is very much alone.

Remus—(To Aud.) Now dats dat Albans man.

Capt. R.—What is the matter with him?

Gen'l W.—O, he is all right, I suppose, but he strikes me as being under the standard—just a parasite living on that girl's beauty and greatness.

Capt. R.—He is very rich and popular.

Gen'l W.—No matter. He doesn't measure up.

Capt. R.—I think you have him sized up about right. But tell me what you meant by MAJOR EVELYN Capell.

Gen'l W.—Well, that involves a good joke on me, but I will tell it. Early this morning I was on my way to the hospital to show my respects to her brother, and met a strange young lady wearing a sword. She saluted very properly and asked where she might find General Woodson. I introduced myself and she then asked my permission to visit Colonel Bourne at the front. When I asked if she were his sister, she blushed and said, "No, I am his friend, and I wish to show him my sword and shoulder straps." I granted her permission to come, but I added that I could not permit her to wear her make-up, unless she were indeed a major.

Capt. R.—Don't you think, General, that whether she has a commission or not her services to the country entitle her to every military courtesy?

Gen'l W.—Indeed I do, and if I had known she were the MAID OF MEADOW STREAM who has trained so many faultless troopers for us, I should have saved myself the embarrassment. But I had never seen her, and she did not

tell me her name. So there was nothing for me to do but ask for her credentials.

Capt. R.—Did she have any?

Gen'l W.—Did she? (Hands large folded sheet.) You may judge for yourself.

Capt. R.—(Reading.) The President of the United States of America—Greeting—Know all men by these presents, that, whereas in a great crisis when every loyal son of this nation was needed on the firing line there has arisen a beautiful and brave young woman who has trained and equipped three whole companies of volunteers for service in the United States cavalry, and whereas these three companies have distinguished themselves on the field of battle, and share richly in the glorious triumph of our arms, and whereas I regard no honor too great for her, I do hereby confer on Miss Evelyn Capell the honorary title of Major of the Meadow Stream Guards, and as a further mark of my personanl appreciation and gratitude I present her with a sword which shall entitle her to full military honors," and it is signed by the President!

Remus—Hurray! (Ex. R.)

Capt. R.—General, she deserves every bit of it. What did you say to this.

Gen'l W.—I apologized, of course, and gave her my horse and permission to go where she pleased. And she pleased to come here to see Colonel Bourne. And now I propose to let her review her guards this afternoon.

Capt. R.—I am sure nothing would please her more. I hope Colonel Bourne returns in time to lead his men; for there is not a man in the wide world who would find greater pleasure in doing her honor. And I am inclined to believe that there is no one she would be more pleased to have do so.

Gen'l W.—I thought so. The lucky dog! (Three cheers off L.) She is coming. (Looks out window back.) My she looks good on that horse. Just look how high the old booger is stepping. (Capt. R. is busy "primping.") And there goes Remus with his hat in his hand.

Capt. R.—Shall we meet her?

Gen'l W.—It is too late now. She is coming. (They stand at attention and salute with their swords.)

Evelyn—(L. Pauses at door and touches her hat lightly.) It is mighty nice of you to show me that respect, Captain Ross, but I prefer that you regard me as of old, and shake hands with me. (Offers hand.) How are you?

Capt. R.—I am perfectly happy to see you again, and to have this opportunity to express my admiration for the great work you have done, and most especially for the many comforts the Loyalty Club has provided.

Evelyn—What I have done is quite too small for such splendid praise. (Enter Percy, L.) Have you met Mr. Alban?

Capt. R.—I have not had that pleasure.

Evelyn—Percy this is Captain Ross. Captain Ross, Mr. Alban.

Capt. R.—(Offers hand.) How do you do, sir?

Percy—My dear man I am most uncomfortable. The

scenes in that dreadful hospital have quite unnerved me, don't yer know.

Genl. W.—Miss Capell seems to have come through with a pretty good nerve. A man should be as brave as a woman.

Evelyn—Where is Colonel Bourne?

Genl. W.—As usual, he is out bearding the lion in his den. He has his heart set on exterminating that gang to avenge your brother's wound. He should have been back before now, and if he doesn't show up pretty soon we shall be sending a relief to him.

Percy—O, he won't need any assistance. He is only flirting with some fair maid who is crazy about a uniform, don't yer know. A squadron of cavalry would be a perfect nuisance. Eh, Evelyn?

Evelyn—I think the maid would feel that way about it.

Percy—Now, Capt. Ross, don't you think that is unfair to me?

Capt. R.—If I thought so it would be very poor form for me to express an opinion contrary to my superior officer.

Percy—O, hang this war etiquette. It gets on my nerves.

Genl. W.—You will find, Mr. Alban, that if you permit your nerves to become too prominent they will most assuredly get shocked here at the front. Miss Capell, if you would like to see more of the army I will deem it a great honor to accompany you.

Evelyn—O, thank you, General.

Genl. W.—Would you care to go, Mr. Alban?

Percy—It doesn't interest me. I will wait here.

Genl. W.—Very well, sir. (Ex. with E. L.)

Percy—This is the most foolish trip of my long travels.

Capt. R.—You were not forced to make it, I hope.

Percy—Well, not exactly that. But I could not persuade Evelyn not to do it, and I felt that I should come along to protect her, don't yer know.

Capt. R.—That was very gallant of you; but were there no other men in your community?

Percy—Very few, my dear man. When Evelyn let it be known that she would train them every son-of-a-gun in the county enlisted. She has been wasting her entire time on the work, but it is due her to say that she developed a wonderfully well trained body of men. Then she notified the War Department and of course they were only too glad to take the poor devils and send them out here to be shot.

Capt. R.—You are very generous to give her that credit. And, by the way, those men she trained got here about the same time as a certain commission from Washington making a Colonel of Major Bourne. So you see we were able to hold our unit, men and commander, all from Meadow Stream.

Percy—You don't think this fellow Bourne's—

Capt. R.—COLONEL Bourne, if you please.

Percy—Very well. This fellow's—

Capt. R.—I want to hear you say COLONEL BOURNE.

Percy—COLONEL Bourne, then. I want to know whether his commission as colonel of these very men Evelyn trained was issued to him at her request.

Capt. R.—I would not answer that if I could. But I feel safe in saying Miss Capell will not be displeased when she learns how Colonel Bourne has conducted himself before those men. And if I am not greatly mistaken she is just the sort to give a man who is brave, and has a high regard for the right, her full admiration.

Percy—Ah, my dear fellow, permit me to make grateful acknowledgment of that nice compliment.

Capt. R.—You are entirely welcome, but I meant to compliment Miss Capell.

Percy—Quite so. I understood it that way. It was as her future husband that I made acknowledgment of your kind words concerning her.

Cept. R.—Permit me to congratulate you. I do not think I ever saw a man who deserved it more.

Percy—Quite so, and ah, ah, this Colonel Bourne. He has been bearing himself fairly decently, I presume.

Capt. R.—Well, he has managed to get by, but sometimes I wonder if—but that wouldn't interest you.

Percy—O, my dear man, don't hesitate to say it. I shall not let Miss Capell know. Besides it wouldn't interest her in the least, don't yer know.

Capt. R.—Yes, I know. Well if you promise not to mention it to your fiance, I will finish what I started to say.

Percy—(Anxiously.) Don't keep me waiting .

Capt. R.—I started to remark that I do not see how a man of his bravery and sense of duty can possibly stop short of a General before he is thirty years old.

Percy—Ah, do you know, I sometimes wish I had made a soldier.

Capt. R.—It takes more than a selfish desire to make such a soldier as Colonel Bourne. (Rises.) I must ask you to make yourself at home while I go to headquarters with some reports. I hope to return before Miss Capell does, but if I do not say for me that General Woodson has issued orders permitting the Maid of Meadow Stream to review her guards this afternoon at three o'clock, and that Colonel Bourne will be here to lead them; or, if not, his entire regiment will be sent to his relief. (Ex. L.)

Percy—(Sits on corner of table.) O hang this confounded war business. War stock is going up like a rocket and I seem to be the only bear on the market. I must get busy. First, Evelyn must not know of the General's orders. Certainly won't learn it from me. Second, I must prevent any relief being sent to Bourne. Let the savages have him. Third, I must get her away from here and get married before this war is over. O, that all seems easy enough.

Remus—(L. with letters. Looks at letters, taking one and holding it to his nose and whiffing.) Dat 'n am fum Miss Evelyn. I cain't read but I knows de smell. (Advances to desk.) Erscuse me, sah, but ah wants ter git in dat draw. (Produces key.)

Percy—(Moving aside.) What is it, old man?

Remus—Ah got some mail fur Massar David, en I wants ter lock hit up.

Percy—Just leave it in my care.

Remus—I'd lack ter do dat, but I reggin I better mind Massar David. (Locks drawer.)

Percy—Go find Miss Capell, and say I am waiting.

Remus—Yassar. I'se allus glad to take er message ter Miss Evelyn. (Ex. L.)

Percy—(Examines drawer.) I saw a letter from Evelyn in that mail. I wonder what she has to say to this fellow Bourne. (Pulls at drawer. It opens.) Why, that was easy. The negro failed to lock it. I thought so. This is one letter that went astray in the mails. (Opens and reads.) "Dear David." She is darn familiar with her father's farm manager. "When this reaches you I will be at the front with Gilbert, and shall be disappointed if I do not have the pleasure of seeing you while there. I know you are treating Gilbert, as we would be delighted to treat you if you were here and wounded as he is. That is, with the tenderest care and affection. Hurriedly, Evelyn." Now that is what I call shooting the brass buttons off a soldier's coat. "Hurriedly, Evelyn." I wonder what she would have said if she had not been in a hurry. (Puts letter in pocket, throwing envelope to floor.) I think it would be better not to let this letter go on the market just now; for if it reaches Bourne war stock will advance another ten thousand points, and then I KNOW, I can't margin what little I have. O, hang BOURNE!

Evelyn—(L. followed by Remus.) What a grand time I have had. The boys seemed about as glad to see me as I was to see them. And that dear horse of the General's! I could ride him all day.

Percy—What did you do with the General?

Evelyn—He had to go to headquarters for a war council. Where is Captain Ross?

Percy—He has gone to headquarters, too.

Evelyn—Did he leave any word for me?

Percy—O, I believe he did say he was sorry to go without seeing you again. He left me in command here.

Evelyn—O, what a joke. What would you do if the enemy should attack?

Percy—What would I do? Why, I would send these poor devils out to shoot him to pieces, of course.

Evelyn—Send them out! A BRAVE commander would LEAD them out.

Percy—You don't anticipate an attack, I hope.

Evelyn—No, but the unexpected usually happens.

Percy—I say, Evelyn, don't you think we had better go back to New'awk?

Evelyn—Don't worry, Percy, I will protect you. I wonder why Colonel Bourne does not return.

Percy—Why don't you just come out and say you are waiting to see him?

Evelyn—(Laughs.) Because I am enough like George Washington already; and if I get to telling nothing but the truth I am afraid they will make me commander-in-chief.

Percy—I have some bad news for you.

Evelyn—(Alarmed.) Is Gilbert worse?

Percy—O, no.

Evelyn—Colonel Bourne hurt?

Percy—Naw. I have been called to New'awk.

Evelyn—Why, that isn't bad news.

Percy—When will you be ready to start?

Evelyn—Sorry to see you go, Percy, but I am going to remain out here just as long as they will let me.

Percy—What if I said you must?

Evelyn—You would always regret it.

Percy—Why?

Evelyn—I would show you that I mustn't.

Percy—I hope when we are married you will have more respect for my wishes.

Evelyn—When we are married I shall be a very different girl.

Percy—I do not want you different. All I ask is that you marry me at once.

Evelyn—Percy, why do you ask me that question so often. I have never promised to marry you.

Percy—No, not exactly that, but I thought you meant to. Surely you could do worse. Just think how my set will laugh at me if you throw me over.

Evelyn—Our set will never dictate my choice when it comes to marriage. (Remus sees envelope on floor, and picks it up and smells it.)

Percy—(Aside.) Give that to me!

Remus—Youse had it ernuf.

Evelyn—What is it, Remus?

Remus—Hits yore letter whut cum fer Massar David, dis mawnin.

Evelyn—Did he see it before he went away?

Remus—Nome. I locked hit in dat draw, en hit have been opened.

Evelyn—Let me see it. (Remus goes L. and looks out.) (Evelyn examines empty envelope. Percy is nervous.) Percy, David Bourne would suffer both his hands cut off before he would permit them to do as mean a thing as this.

Percy—Now you know I didn't do that, dear.

Evelyn—(Fiercely.) Don't ever call me dear again.

Remus—(Excitedly.) Yonder cum Massar David's hoss, en he ain't wid her. Deys got 'em!

Evelyn—Where is the commander of the guard?

Percy—Ha, ha. Your lover is in danger, and no one to rescue him. You have my sympathy.

Evelyn—O, you miserable coward! I am here, and thank heaven I can lead his men. Remus, tell the bugler to sound "To arms," and bring me Black Bess instantly. (Ex. Remus L. quickly.)

Percy—How will you find him.

Evelyn—I shall give Black Bess a free rein, and trust the gods of destiny to take me to him.

Percy—Then you do love him?

Evelyn—Yes, I do love him, and I am willing to give my life to save him. (Call to arms off L.)

Percy—(Threatens to hold her.) You shall not go. I will not let you waste your life on that vagabond.

Evelyn—(Freeing herself and crossing to left, quickly draws her sword "in tierce," holding pose.) Stand back or I shall disgrace my blade with a coward's blood. (Percy cowers.) The whole world could not keep me from his side.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—Home of Benjamin Capell—Three months later.

STAGE DIRECTIONS—Large Morris chair or rocker with pillows and footstool, center. Another chair right of C. Table right for flowers. Windows back.

Remus—Well, heah I is, back fum de war widout er scratch. We done licked de stuffin outen dem fellers, en I specs de nex time somebody gits er notion dat Uncle Sam have fergot how ter fight en wants ter tackle him fur er scrap, 'l fust take de time ter look up de ole man's battin average. En when he finds dat he allus knocks er home run, he'l cide not ter pester us. But pore Massar David sho did have er narrah scapus. En he ain't outen danger yit, but Miss Evelyn have got him heah in her big fine hum now, en he gwine ter pull thu. He sho am gittin fine treatment, en it am very plain ter me, dat ef yer wants ter git credit fur fightin, yer got ter git hut.

Nurse—(L. In apron and cap.) Have you made the chair comfortable, Remus?

Remus—Jes as cozy as er mous nes.

Nurse—Draw the curtains and let in plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Then in a few minutes you may come and assist me.

Evelyn—(R. with flowers.) Good morning, Miss Wallace. I hope the Colonel is better this morning.

Nurse—He is much better, thank you. And I am going to let him come out here on the sun porch for a little fresh air and sunshine.

Evelyn—O I am so glad of that. I will just place his flowers here. (Places on table.)

Nurse—You may come in just a few minutes, Remus. (Ex. L.)

Remus—She sho am good ter Massar David.

Evelyn—She is perfectly lovely to him.

Remus—She am purty, too. Wouldn't it be fine ef he falls in love wid her?

Evelyn—(Quickly.) What did you say?

Remus—I say I believe Massar David am fallin in love wid her. Won't that be nice?

Evelyn—That depends. Why do you say that?

Remus—I'se jes jedgin by de way she looks at 'm, en how she helt his han en rubbed his hade when we wus comin in on dat train. (Goes L.)

Evelyn—Where were the physicians who were supposed to be with him all the time this nurse was so loving?

Remus—Dey wus in de smoker. (Goes L. as if to ex.)

Evelyn—Here, Remus. You wait a minute.

Remus—(Aside.) Hit am wukin lack er charm.

Evelyn—Tell me all you know.

Remus—(Going back.) I kin do dat, case I stayed rat wid em all de time. En I kin truffully say dat she sho wus good ter him; but dat she nebber did git half as close ter his face as you did dat mawnin when he wus wounded.

Evelyn—O, tell me about that morning. It seems just like a dream.

Remus—All rat den. Dat mawnin when you brung Massar David back, mo dead den erlive, yer tuck his hade in yer lap en leaned ober close en axed him ef he knowed yer. Yer exed him dis erbout er hundert times. Den yer kissed him.

Evelyn—REMUS!

Remus—I gwine ter tell de whole truf.

Evelyn—Go ahead. Nobody is listening.

Remus—Well, now, Miss Evelyn, yer may er got down close jes ter see ef he wus breavin.

Evelyn—Yes, yes. Sure. That was it.

Remus—Unhuh. Ef I hadn't er been lookin maybe I nebber would er knowed any better. Den dat big head surgeon whut you ordered got dar, en said pore Massar David boun ter die. Den yer axed dem all ter leab de room jer er minute. Yer didn't ax me, en so I didn't go. Dats how I heard yer say, "O, David, don't die. I love you so." Den yer leaned ober rat close—ter see ef he wus breavin.

Evelyn—Did you ever tell David this?

Remus—NOME! En I aint gwine ter tell him. Hit mout spile dis nusses chances.

Evelyn—Now tell me more about this nurse.

Remus—I thut we'd git back to her. Well, when I went back in dar—

Evelyn—When you went back in there? I thought you never left them alone.

Remus—Yassam, yassam. Yer ain't kotched me yit. You see hit wus dis way—she wus erway whilst I wus. En when I went back in dar Massar David axed me when we'd git hum. I tole him de nex day. Den he looked outen de window en kinder smiled en slipped his han in his bosom en brung out er leetle locket, en looked at de pictur in it fur er long time. Den he shook his hade en sighed, en put it back. I seen him do dis er lot er times, en allus he sighed when he put it back. (Silent.) I got ter go now, but I got er lot er reminipances saved up fer yer. (Ex. L.)

Evelyn—(Placing pillows.) I hope all his REMINIPANCES are not about this nurse. (Enter Mrs. B., R.) O, Mrs. Bourne, how you scared me.

Mrs. B.—(Smiling.) I am sorry, dear. My, what a cozy chair you have there.

Evelyn—Think so? It is for David. The nurse is going to let him out for a while.

Mrs. B.—Here comes the poor boy now. (Enter David, L.,

supported by Remus and Nurse.) Be careful, Remus.

Remus—O, I'se got him, all rat.

Evelyn—Why you are walking just fine, David, and I am so glad. Good morning.

David—Good morning. Glad I pass inspection. (Sits.) But I call it a pretty poor parade.

Nurse—Now, Colonel, you must be perfectly quiet, and very careful with your side. Do not talk or laugh, or move without assistance. I will go telephone Dr. Austin how well you are this morning.

David—Please ask him if I cannot have more to eat. I am simply starving.

Nurse—All right. And you shall have your raw egg and wine in just a few minutes. Now, Miss Capell, we will leave him alone.

Evelyn—Very well, Miss Wallace. No sacrifice is too great if it will help him to get well. And when you are better I will make up for the lost time. (Ex. R.)

Nurse—You may remain a while, Mrs. Bourne.

Mrs. B.—Thank you, so much. (Ex. Nurse L.) She is a splendid nurse but I do not like for her to say what I shall and what I shall not do for my boy.

David—Don't feel that way about it, mother. She has played a large part in saving my life.

Mrs. B.—I am not unmindful of that. But you must not forget that your greatest debt you owe to Evelyn, who risked her life for you.

David—Remembering that is what makes me feel so unworthy; for it is a debt I can never pay. Mother, when can I get out and enjoy the peace and freedom of the big fields again?

Mrs. B.—Are you not happy here?

David—My suffering has been made sweet to me, and I am grateful; but the thought that I must soon go back and be miserable alone in my little world prevents me from being happy.

Mrs. B.—Now, now, don't be despondent, son. You are just weak from suffering and fasting. Evelyn has persuaded Dr. Austin to let you have something good to eat. She was out at sunrise with her dogs and gun—but I promised not to tell you. (Remus, L.)

Remus—You sho do keep er secrut, Miss Mary.

Mrs. B.—I will go before I tell more. (Ex. R.)

Remus—How yer feelin dis mawnin, Massar David?

David—(Smiling.) O, my excruciating indisposition is by imperceptible gradations fading into a convalescence that is exasperating.

Remus—(Has been backing to chair and collapses in it, R.) Youse sho had er back-set.

David—No I am feeling fine.

Remus—(Rising.) Wall, den, done yer gib me no mo er dem degradatin disputations. En I'l go ax de Nuss bout dat conglomeration uv asparagus.

David—All right. Move that stool closer.

Remus—(Moving stool.) How am dat?

David—That is better. After all I believe you are the best nurse in the bunch.

Remus—I tries ter be, but er cose mah hans aint soft lack dat purty nuss's. She sho have been good ter you, ain't she?

David—She has been very kind, indeed.

Remus—Why done yer set up ter her?

David—Now please don't get sentimental.

Remus—Better listen ter me! (David is silent.) Why done yer say somepin? I cain't do no good arguin wid yer onless yer'l talk.

David—What are you tryin to find out?

Remus—Jes how yer feels bout dis nuss.

David—O, I like her very much. And before she goes I may tell her so, and see what she has to say.

Remus—Whut ef she say "yes"?

David—Why, marry her, of course.

Remus—(Aside.) Golly, I'se er gittin too fas. Now look er heah, Massar David, we're fergittin dat dar am ernudder oman whut have had er leetle ter do wid savin yo life, en she goin ter wear a scar on her purty face as long as she libs, jes fer you. How we gwine ter let dis nuss take her place?

David—You run along now, and let me rest.

Remus—(Going L.) All rat. En whilst yer is restin, do some good hard thinkin. (Ex. L.)

David—That scar! I would all but sell my soul to touch it with my lips. It burns continually on my memory, and I am helpless to show how I love it. Sometimes when I recount all that has happened I cannot doubt that nothing but deep and lasting love could rest beneath it all. And then comes the thought that my destiny lies beneath hers, and that it would be small in me, and a lack of appreciation if I become selfish.

Mrs. B.—(R.) Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?

David—I would like to read something. Bring me a copy of Wordsworth, please.

Mrs. B.—I will have to ask the Nurse.

David—O, I am so tired of being an invalid.

Mrs. B.—Now, David, don't be impatient.

Mr. C.—(R.) Good morning. I am glad to see our boy able to be up again. How are you, David?

David—They tell me I am better, thank you; but I am so hungry I cannot feel it.

Mr. C.—Well, my boy, I wish I could take you into the city with me and dine you on the best they hame. Later I promise to do just that, but until then you must be patient. Just let us all do what we can for you, and accept it as from our hearts. Mrs. Bourne, I am driving over to the Falls this morning. Will you accompany me?

Mrs. B.—I would be delighted. (Ex. R.)

Mr. C.—(Taking seat by David.) Now, David, tell me what it is that prevents you from being happy here.

David—Mr. Capell, I hope you do not think I am ungrateful for your goodness to me. I want to get well and go home so that I can take up the work that has been neglected.

Mr. C.—It is just like you to be thinking of my interest. But that can wait. It is far less important to me than your health. First, I want to see you well and happy, and able to go to work again—this time in my office.

David—Your goodness overwhelms me.

Mr. C.—Not at all. Not at all, David. The service you rendered my country deserves more than I can ever give you. (Rises.) In plain words, my boy, I like you tremendously, and find genuine pleasure in showing it. I have nothing that is good enough for you, and it would please me very much if you would regard me as a father and come to me when you need a true friend and sympathizer.

David—Thank you, Mr. Capell. If ever I am able to do any work for you I shall most assuredly try my best to do it in such a way as to show what your goodness means to me.

Gilbert—(R. in overalls.) Well, old scout, it's great to see you coming along like this. I hope you keep it up.

David—Thanks, Gilbert. How is your wound?

Gilbert—O, I am as sound as a dollar.

David—And how is the farm this morning?

Gilbert—The farm is feeling fine. And so am I. Say, dad, I think I will just remain out here and enjoy life. After three years in the army service nothing but this big, wholesome, honest living is good enough for me.

Mr. C.—Well, now, I am glad to hear you say that. I would be only too glad to arrange for you to stay here with David.

David—And so would I.

Gilbert—Then, by George, we will just do that. It is pretty late to begin, but I will make a man yet. (Enter Evelyn R.) Evelyn I am going to be a farmer.

Evelyn—WARS and RUMORS OF WARS! It sounds mighty nice, Gil, but I won't believe it until I see you sweating some real sweat.

Nurse—(L.) O, I say now, good people. You must all get out and let the Colonel rest.

Evelyn—I wasn't making any noise, Nurse.

Gilbert—Dad is the culprit.

Mr. C.—Now who was it, Nurse?

Nurse—It must have been the Colonel. And just for that I propose to keep him in solitary confinement the remainder of the day. So clear the deck.

Gilbert—Just a minute, Miss Wallace. I came in to get some advice on the hogs.

Nurse—But I am not a HOG doctor.

Gilbert—I know that. I referred to David.

David—Thank you. What's the trouble.

Gilbert—They are slightly, ah, indisposed.

Mr. C.—What does the veterinarian say?

Gilbert—He thinks that last shipment from Ohio is infected with cholera, and advises vaccinating the entire herd.

Mr. C.—What do you say, David?

David—Stick it to 'm as quick as possible.

Gilbert—Nuf ced. (Goes R.) Every hog in the bunch will have a sore arm tomorrow morning.

Mrs. B.—(R.) I am ready.

Mr. C.—We are driving over to the Falls, and may be late for luncheon. (Ex. R. with Mrs. B.)

Gilbert—(Looking after them, then to Evelyn.) JUNE BUGS DANCING IN THE SNOW! What do you know about that?

Evelyn—Aren't you glad?

Gilbert—GLAD! It will be the easiest thing in the world for me to say "Brother David." Now I know I am going to stay on the farm. (Ex. R.)

Evelyn—(Going to David.) I have some good news for you. The doctor has said you may have some quail on toast.

David—That sounds like a voice from heaven.

Evelyn—And the quails are on ice.

David—On ICE! They will never cook there.

Evelyn—I am going to cook them myself, and serve them at two o'clock.

David—I hope that is two o'clock this afternoon, for I cannot hold the fort much longer without reinforcements. But I am afraid of you cook them I shall eat more than I should.

Evelyn—Just for that nice compliment I shall give you a big fat one.

Nurse—(L.) Really, Miss Capell, I must—

Evelyn—All right, Nurse. I am going. I was just telling him about his quail and how I am going to cook it. (Goes right, facing R.)

Nurse—Why, Colonel, your cheeks FEEL hot.

Evelyn—(To Aud.) FEELS hot!

Nurse—Are my hands uncomfortably cold?

Evelyn—(Same.) Where is Remus?

David—They feel unusually soft and good.

Evelyn—(Same.) Now that is the limit. (Turns.) Try the thermometer, Nurse. That is the proper way to tell whether he has fever.

Nurse—I hardly think it is necessary. (Still rubbing his head.) If he has any at all it is not enough to cause worry.

Evelyn—Well, it is worrying me. (Takes ther. from nurse's apron.) Here, we won't rely so much on how each of you FEELS about this matter. (Puts it in his mouth.) Is that where you put it?

Nurse—I think you would make a good nurse.

Evelyn—Suppose you turn the case over to me.

Nurse—If the thermometer shows that he has no fever I will give him raw egg and grape juice, and leave him in your care while I prepare the quail. (Ex. L.)

Evelyn—You haven't any fever, have you?

David—(Removes ther.) If I have it is because I am so hungry. And I bet she dips that good bird in a bowl of hot water, and brings me the water.

Evelyn—You want me to cook it, don't you?

Nurse—(L. David quickly replaces ther. She carries small waiter with glass of crushed ice, empty glass, and one egg in shell. Remus follows with small table which he places at L. of David. Nurse places the waiter on it.) If he has any fever

he cannot have the nourishment. (Place hand to his forehead.)

Evelyn—Here is the thermometer, down here.

Nurse—(Same.) I understand. He is not expected to swallow it.

Remus—(Aside.) Now I got em scrappin. Hit'l be easy sailin fum now on.

Nurse—Remus, I forgot the grape juice. Will you get it, please?

Remus—In jes er minit, Miss Nuss. (Ex. L.)

Evelyn—You don't care if I look at the thermometer, do you. (Reaches for it.)

Nurse—(Staying her hand.) Not yet. You may prepare the egg.

Evelyn—You fix the egg, and I will massage his face—if it is really necessary.

Nurse—O, it isn't really necessary.

Evelyn—I thought so.

Remus—(L.) Heah am de grape juice. De genuine William Jennin's brand.

Nurse—(Takes egg in hand.) This egg is hot.

Remus—Yer tole me to git er fresh 'n.

Nurse—Certainly, but I meant for you to get it out of the cold storage. Perhaps I had better select it. (Ex. L.)

Remus—All rat. Ef yer kin git er fresh egg outen de cold storage, yer ort ter git er patent on de process. She sho am nice en keerful bout what Massar David eats, ain't she. What am dat thing stickin in Massar David's mouf?

Evelyn—That is a thermometer.

Remus—I thut it wus er steam gauge. How do it wuk?

Evelyn—If he has fever the mercury inside expands and shows how much. I hope it does not show any; for if it does the nurse says he cannot have any nourishment.

Remus—Hang dat spanshun business, en dat nuss, too. Let's slip 'm somepin ter eat.

Evelyn—That might not be best. Maybe it won't show any fever, then he will get his nourishment and I will get to stay with him more.

Remus—Ef dat SPANDS when he got fever, whut do hit do when he ain't got no fever?

Evelyn—Why, I suppose it would contract, or stand still. Either would suit me.

Remus—Now ef yer'l jes show me whut 'd make hit CONTRAC I'l see to 't dat he gits er bite, en dat you gits ter stay wid 'm.

Evelyn—Anything that is cold will do it.

Remus—All rat, den. (Picks up glass of ice and looks L. for Nurse.) You whistle ef she cum. Gimme dat thing, Massar David. You ain't got no fever. (Takes ther.)

David—You are welcome to it.

Remus—(Sticks it in glass and stirs.) I'l show it how ter SPAND en starve folks.

Evelyn—Now if your nourishment makes you worse I shall feel to blame for it.

Remus—Any danger er dis thing splodin?

David—Let her bust. I hope I never feel the thing under my tongue again. How you getting along with it?

Remus—(Takes it out and reads slowly.) 50, 51, 52. O, I got her blowed down below sixty pounds, all rat. Will dat do?

David—Yes, but for heaven's sake don't put that on the chart, or I will not get a bite for thirty days.

Nurse—(L.) You may read the thermometer now.

Remus—O, Lawdie. Heah take her quick.

Evelyn—(Reading.) He gets the nourishment.

Nurse—Is it above 98?

Evelyn—Not a fraction.

Nurse—Here is your raw egg and grape juice.

Evelyn—Let me prepare it. I know how.

Nurse—Very well. And in two hours he may have some of the quail. (Goes R.) Remember now, just ONE RAW egg, and half a glass of grape juice. (Ex. R.)

Evelyn—(Pouring the grape juice.) Remus, don't you think I am just a little the best nurse?

Remus—Ax Massar David dat. He's de jedge.

Evelyn—Turns to David. Remus pours more juice.) What do you say?

David—I am not competent to judge.

Evelyn—That does not answer my question.

Remus—Jes give em time, en somepin ter eat. Den he'll talk.

Evelyn—(Holding egg between fore finger and thumb.) Isn't that a beauty?

Remus—Hit duse purty well fur er pullet.

Evelyn—(Spreads linen on D.'s lap. Remus takes another egg from left pocket and quickly breaks it in glass.) Shucks, jes one egg ain't ernuf ter hol 'm up fur what's er comin.

Evelyn—(Takes glass and gives it to D.) I am sorry I cannot give you something better.

David—Your kindness and sympathy make it plenty good enough. (Drinks it.) Ah, that was good.

There is no king who could command
A sweeter draft from a fairer hand.

Remus—Da, now. I tole yer he'd talk ef yer'd feed 'm. (Pours more juice.) Heah, Massar David, am er leetle mo ter wash hit down wid.

David—No more, thank you.

Remus—(Holding glass close.) You want it? (To Ev.)

Evelyn—No, thank you. (Remus looks at it.)

Remus—Reggin dat Nuss wants hit?

David—Why, no. Just throw it in the sink.

Remus—(Takes another egg from pocket.) En I got er egg lef over. Ah'l jes thow dat in de sink wid dis good lookin juice. (Breaks egg in glass.) Golly dat sho do look good. (Takes up table and circle L. Stops and looks down into glass.) I may tho you in dat sink, en den ergin I may not. Hit all depends on whuther dat sink looks lack hit wants yer wussen I do. (Going L.) Now, Miss Evelyn, I gwine ter leab 'm wid yer. Dont let 'm have nuffin to play wid dat he cud swallow, onless yer got er string tied to hit.

Evelyn—(Laughs.) All right, Remus.

Remus—En done let let 'm suck his thum.

David—Get out.

Remus—Gone! (Ex. L. with table.)

David—I hope you will pardon his nonsense.

Evelyn—I like it.

David—So do I. When he is with me I can always feel certain that I have one unselfish and devoted friend. When he leaves me I am usually left alone.

Evelyn—Shall I call him back. I do not want you to feel lonely.

David—But I am not lonely now. And if I said anything to cause you to feel that I am not deeply sensible of your gracious presence I hope you will forgive me. You must remember that I am not often left in such good company.

Evelyn—Does he ever leave you with that pretty nurse?

David—I think not.

Evelyn—I love him for that. O, I mean, that it was good of him to be so faithful. That is what I meant to say.

David—I am glad you took the trouble to explain. Otherwise I might have been foolish enough to think you were jealous of my poor nurse. And that is a compliment I could not reasonably expect.

Evelyn—That wouldn't be unreasonable. I am human, David.

David—I know you are human, though I sometimes regard you as divine—far away and up higher than my world—something for me to look up to, and long for, but never reach. The sole happiness of my life is in treasuring up the happy moments you have given me. I cannot prove my appreciation, but if I were a king it would be your fault if I had no queen.

Evelyn—But you can nver be a king, David.

David—Don't rebuke me. What I said was merely one of my poor efforts to show you how glad I would be to prove my appreciation for what you have done for me. I beg you to forget my maudlin sentiment. I won't be guilty again.

Evelyn—Why, David, I do not wish to forget what you said. It is not maudlin in the least. I have offended you, and I am sorry; and it is you who must forgive.

David—The very power that places me beneath you robs me of that privilege. (Takes locket from bosom, and gives it.) Here.

Evelyn—Please don't be cruel. Let me explain.

David—I could not understand. You may count me an ingrate, or anything, but please be kind enough to leave me and send the nurse.

Evelyn—Are you ill, David?

David—No, but I am quite miserable.

Evelyn—(Rising.) If you insist on driving me away I suppose I should go. I will send the nurse instantly. (Goes R. meeting Nurse.) He has sent for you. (Remains extreme R.)

Nurse—(With book in hand.) Why Colonel, I hope you do not feel worse.

David—Please call Dr. Austin and ask if it would be safe for me to take a short trip.

Nurse—It is useless. He would say no.

David—I must go.

Nurse—Go where?

David—Back to the South. Any place but here.

Nurse—Now, now. You must be quiet. Here is the copy of Wordsworth you requested. Let me read to you. What shall it be?

David—Get Browning and read the love sonnets just for a mockery.

Evelyn—(Coming up.) Let me do that, Nurse.

Nurse—O, thank you. I read poorly, anyway. I am going out for a walk. If the Colonel needs me, please let me know.

Evelyn—All right. Stay as long as you please. (Ex. N., R.)

Remus—(L., carrying glass of grape juice.) Am dar anything I kin do fur yer, Massar David?

Evelyn—Nothing, Remus. You may have the remainder of the day off and go fishing.

Remus—(Circles L. Aside.) Ah'd lack ter stay en see it, but I reggin hit'l be er closed session. (Places hand over glass and exits L.)

Evelyn—(Pulling chair up close on right side and resting open book on David' right chair arm.) Now, David, I am ready to read to you. What shall it be? This is Wordsworth.

David—I think MICHAEL is appropriate.

Evelyn—(Turning leaves.) O, that is too full of heart-aches and shadows. What you need most is sunshine and love.

David—(Closing book.) Sunshine and love! Why do you say that? You must know I love you to the exclusion of all the earth. O, why do you crush a heart that is yours already, and dares not open to you?

Evelyn—Because, David, I want to crush it—and conquer it it—and have it open and admit me as its very own.

David—O, Evelyn, then I am a king indeed. Now be my queen.

Evelyn—I've a good notion not to do it. (Rests her head cozily on his shoulder.)

Remus—(L.) Better take 'm up, Miss Evelyn, afore he back out. (Advances to side of chair and looks down at them. To audience.) Now ef I drinks dis juice nobody 'l eber know anything erbout hit. (He does not drink, but holds the glass up and looks at it.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

THE END.

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THE END.

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